

Left 4 Dead: Beyond The Sacrifice

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Category: Left 4 Dead

Genre: Fantasy, Horror

Language: English

Characters: Francis, Louis, Zoey

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 12:16:49

Updated: 2016-04-13 18:47:04

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:35:35

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,085

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Picking up from where The Sacrifice left off, our three survivors find themselves trying to move on from Bill's demise. They think the worst is behind them, but they aren't out of the woods yet. There's a new unexpected danger looming...

1. Chapter 1

If there is enough appeal for this then I will continue the story.

Warning: This story contains Swearing.

Chapter 1

They walked in silence. None of them were capable of talking right now, they were still numb from the shock. The moment he stood before them, molotov in hand, staring down the Tanks. And then he charged, launching it at the face of the nearest, raising his pistol to meet the other. It was a moment of unmatched bravery. It was also a moment that saved the lives of people he was forced to band with.

Since departing from the bridge and assisting the fellow Survivors the journey into the unknown was oddly safe. They had encountered no more than regular zombies, however they had seen glimpses of Specials lurking in the shadows of buildings. They were on the very outskirts of the city, the rattles of gunfire and muffled explosions still present. They came across an old DIY store, where Francis made and stocked up on pipe bombs and molotovs. When offered to Zoey, she couldn't face equipping one, almost as if she could see Bill in the reflection in the glass. Making their way into a residential area, they started to become aware of the shadows starting to stretch, so it became priority to find shelter for the night.

They found a safe room tucked in the back of an old apartment, the door just visible behind a stack of cardboard boxes. Stepping inside, slamming the door shut and sliding the bar into place, the Survivors were finally able to relax. Louis took inventory of his pack, Francis

lit up a smoke and Zoey set about making beds. Francis leaned his shotgun on a rusty chair in the corner and retrieved his pack from his shoulder. Pulling out a protein bar, he held it out to Zoey. "Here kid, your treat tonight." Zoey grabbed it without thanks and slumped down in a heap on a sleeping bag. Louis and Francis glanced at each other, concerned. Louis gazed around the room, his eyes settling on a map with various sketches and directions on it. Holding it up in the fading daylight, he could see there was an evacuation route marked out.

Louis said "Guys, we should take a look at this, see if we can get a plan in place for tomorrow." Zoey sighed. "Another plan Louis? Come on, we thought the boat was our best shot, and look how that turned out!" Louis looked at his torn shirt, where he was ambushed by a Witch waiting in the shadows of Bill's yacht. Louis shook his head. "I know that was a massive let down, but we've got to keep trying. If we just give up we might as well sleep out there tonight. What do you say Francis?" Francis thought for a moment, then grumbled as he knelt down to see the map.

Louis began. "Ok, so from what it looks like there's a road tunnel under the river. Now if the streets are as quiet as the ones we've been using then we can get to the tunnel. According to the map there's regular airlifts from the top of a high rise on the far side of town."

Francis frowned. "What if the streets are filled with Witches and Hunters?" Louis nodded to Francis' shotgun, "I guess we'll just have to fight through them." Francis laughed, "Bullshit! We wouldn't last 5 seconds unless we offered you up as bait. I mean, we all know about your little soft spot for Spitters. Ain't that right little Louis?"

"Fuck off Francis, I'm trying my best here."

"Well maybe Louis, we shouldn't have taken the goddamn train you told us to! Maybe then we wouldn't be in this shithole! Maybe we'd still have Bill and at least then we would have a decent plan as opposed to yours! Francis bellowed.

There was silence once again as the mention of Bill made everybody feel guilty. Then zombie screams tore through the air. Louis grabbed his gun, leaning to look out the boarded up window. Francis raised his arms in annoyance. "Oh great. We upset the fucking neighbours." The sun had set beyond the horizon now, so Louis was only able to make out silhouettes and dark figures in the gloom, rushing past the boards. Moments later they heard the floor outside the room pounding and crashing with heavy feet and bodies. The screams and wails of the dead were deafening. The scratching of Hunters against the wall outside only added to the noise. There was absolutely no way out now. Zoey moaned and lay back on the sleeping bag, her arm resting over her eyes. "Well," she shouted, "At least there isn't a Tank or Charger"...

End of Chapter 1

Normally I would make the Chapters longer, however as this is the first one it's more of a 'Teaser' for what's to come. Thanks for reading!

2. Chapter 2

It was a long night. The dead never rest, nor tire - unlike the living. The three survivors passed the time by playing cards, which Francis had found buried in the bottom of a box in the corner. When they got bored of that, Zoey took the opportunity to stare between the boards on the window at the less unfortunate. It was so surreal, seeing them this way. Aside from the infected trying to break down the door, the ones in the street were much calmer. Some sat down on the ground, holding their heads. Others were slouched over in doorways or corners, vomiting violently. Had this been seen a month previously then it would have just been a typical night out. As it was this was the end of the world. If you walked out there you'd get about five seconds before all Hell was unleashed on you. Gradually, the infected started to lose interest outside the door and returned to the streets. Sighing quietly with relief, the trio decided to make the most of the silence and get some sleep.

Francis was woken by Louis shaking him awake. As he sat up Louis motioned for him to keep quiet, then pointed to the still snoring Zoey.

"We've got a problem," whispered Louis.

"What now? Outside seems fairly quiet," replied Francis.

Louis nodded to the window. "There's a reason for that."

As Francis peered out, he could see the streets littered with corpses of the undead. Accompanying them was roughly 40 soldiers, along with two APCs. They were searching every building and scanning every rooftop as they made their way down the road.

"Their gunfire woke me up earlier, I've been watching them since. You two are deep sleepers."

"I've been told that before. I fell asleep once after riding 400 miles straight. Apparently I was sat there still grasping the handlebars, snoring away" Francis chuckled. "Anyway what's the big deal? The military rolling through the city is great news. They'll deal with the dead whilst we skip town."

Louis shook his head. "See down by that bus stop? The APC is just passing it now."

Francis squinted in the dawn sun. "Yeah I see it. By the line of bodies."

"Mmhmm. Notice anything odd about those?"

Francis looked again. Some of the corpses were wearing rucksacks, others had sleeping bags and other items with them. Behind them, under the cover of a shop front, a soldier was going through a collection of weapons, checking the ammo and guns over.

"Shit, they shooting survivors now?"

Louis nodded. "That group was camped in the building opposite. They were dragged out, some of them still trying to clamber out of their

sleeping bags. They gunned them down without remorse or reason."

Francis noted "They haven't been told about carriers yet. About people who could be immune. Christ Louis, what are we going to do?"

A voice replied, "I'll tell you what we're going to do. I've just about had enough bullshit from the army right now. They and CEDA have let us down too many times. Pack your kit, we're going."

They turned round to see Zoey getting up from her bedding, and start packing her gear. Louis asked "And just where are we going Zoey? Out there? We just going to walk out into the middle of the street and say hello?"

Zoey chuckling, walked up and opened the window. "That's EXACTLY what we are going to do. Ready?" As the two men stood there, perplexed, Francis said "Er, ready for what?" Zoey unclipped a pipe bomb from her belt, adjusted an egg timer on it and launched it out into the air. The pipe bomb fell to earth, landing on a body and falling amongst the corpses on the road. There was no noise or beeping to be heard. Francis looked at Zoey. "Shit Zoey, I thought I taught you how to make them?" Zoey hurriedly grabbed her rifle and made her way to the door. Following suit, Louis and Francis helped open the door and they sneaked outside. Making their way down the short flight of stairs to the sidewalk, Zoey raised her hand to stop and checked her watch. As if on cue, a deafening beeping started, echoing off all the buildings.

Voices filled the air. "Johnson where's that coming from?" The crunching of running boots could be heard. "Sir I'm not sure. I'm looking."

"Find it Johnson for fucks sake, the beeping is getting faster for some reason! The infected will be here if we don't shut it off!"

The beeping blurred into one solid tone. "Sir I've got it, it's a bit of -"

BOOM.

The explosion was catastrophic. Body parts too charred to identify rained down from all directions. The explosion had taken out over half the men, the remainder were holding their heads, writhing on the floor in agony. The force had knocked the survivors back into the stairwell, but they had been shielded from the blast. Ears ringing, Zoey waved her hand, shoving Louis out into the dust filled air, Francis tagging along. They sprinted down an alleyway, still hearing the echoes bouncing ever further into the distance.

Nearing the end of the alley they could see the river, far at the bottom of a hill. Finding themselves at the top of a tall hill, they began to run down when an angry roar shredded the air. Spinning round they found themselves facing a Tank, the beast's muscles tensing to the point the skin was tearing. The Tank was still wearing the tattered remains of a business suit, the black and yellow tie around its neck and blue trousers being the only clothing left.

Zoey screamed "RUN!" As they ran they could hear the Tank gaining.

The Tank was quite happy to risk injury giving chase, despite the hill being steep. Francis glanced at a car parked by the sidewalk as they ran and ran to the driver's side door. Smashing the window with the butt of his shotgun he shouted to the others "Get in get in!" Whilst the others broke the windows and clambered in, Francis flung his torso in and flicked off the handbrake.

Almost immediately the car gathered speed, leaving the frustrated Tank in its wake. There was no way to control the steering as the wheel was locked. The wind howling through the remains of the windows, Louis yelled "Hit the brakes, we're going too fast!" Francis, trying to pry the panel off the wheel housing, replied "I'm trying to jump her, her brakes are worn!" Sailing over a crest in the hill, they could see a wooden fence dead ahead, as the road arrived at a junction, with a road passing from left to right. Francis stamped his feet on the brake, desperately attempting to turn the wheel. As they careered through the junction and towards the fence, everyone braced for impact. Plowing straight through it, the car went still as it sailed into thin air. For a moment they could see nothing but blue sky and clouds out of the windshield, but as the front nosed to ground they could see an entire housing estate. They were heading for the roof of a house. "Oh shit," mumbled Francis, as he closed his eyes in wait for the impact. The car tore through the roof, then the second floor. It collided with the ground floor, and everything went black.

End
file.